

## ONLY A LITTLE KEY

But It Made Much Trouble for New York Jeweler.

He Had Two Nights and One Day of Great Discomfort Chalked Up to the "Depravity of Inanimate Things."

"It is the little things in life that cause most of the trouble."

This wise saying of the ancient philosopher was strikingly illustrated a few nights ago in New York city when the proprietor of a jewelry store was closing up for the night broke a key in the lock of the street door.

Here are some of the things that happened then: The shopkeeper tried in every possible way to lock the door or get the broken key out. His efforts were fruitless. All the help had gone home and he had no one to send for a locksmith. He couldn't leave the store alone. He was so excited that for a long time he couldn't think of anything to do. Finally he went to the telephone and called up his home. His wife answered and he stammeringly asked her to come down at once. She couldn't make out what the trouble was, but caught "key," "lock" and "door," and suspecting a burglary she hung on her street clothes any old way and hastened downtown, half-distracted.

In the meantime the husband began to telephone for a locksmith. A succession of "won't answers" from the telephone girl was all the satisfaction he got. When his wife arrived he left her in the store while he went out to try his luck. He tramped around for an hour or more, but was as unsuccessful as he had been on the telephone.

When he got back he telephoned to police headquarters and two policemen were sent to the store. He insisted that they remain outside to watch the place. He suggested to his wife that they go home, but she refused. She wouldn't think of leaving the place, even with the policemen outside. So the jeweler was forced to remain with her. About three o'clock in the morning he went out to an all-night lunch room and brought back some food. He waited eagerly for morning to come, when he would be able to get a locksmith. But he had forgotten that it was Sunday, and when he started out again on his quest it was only to meet with another disappointment. Despite all his efforts he couldn't connect with a locksmith.

He and his wife passed Sunday in the store, taking turns napping. The policemen on guard outside were relieved, but there was no relief for the jeweler from his weary vigil. He never welcomed a Monday morning more than he did the one that followed when assistants appeared and he and his wife were able to go home with the assurance that a locksmith would soon be around.

### Race to the North Pole.

It seems that Captain Bartlett is not going to have things entirely his own way in his airplane expedition to the north pole, for at the present moment the British are also planning for a similar undertaking. So the airplane expedition may take on the complexion of a sportsmanlike race, with the Americans represented by Captain Bartlett and the British by Salisbury Jones of the British Northern Exploration company. Captain Bartlett contemplates going to the far north by way of north Greenland, while Mr. Jones is going by way of Spitzbergen, which, when reduced to mathematics, means that the Americans will have some two thousand miles to go while our British cousin will have only nine hundred miles of journey. Mr. Jones believes that his expedition can make the flight in about nine hours.—Scientific American.

### One Language.

Ten per cent of America's adult population are unable to read the language of the country. Eighteen per cent of the "coming citizens" of the United States do not attend any school. One tenth of the first 2,500,000 men called to the colors could not read their orders or understand them. The figures are from Secretary Lane's recent report. There is room for only one set of ideals in this country and, except for newcomers, there is room for only one language. While the teaching of English is but one of many items in the Americanization program, it is an important one, as the figures of Secretary Lane proclaim.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Wireless and Morale.

Since the armistice brought hostilities to an end it has been learned that the morale of the population of Lille was maintained by news given from a French wireless station hidden from the Germans, according to Wireless Age. Good news spread quickly through underground channels. The people knew that ten thousand American soldiers were arriving daily. Airplanes also dropped many leaflets, which were eagerly taken despite German efforts to prevent their distribution.—Scientific American.

### Peat in Manitoba.

The Canadian department of mines has recently investigated 18 peat bogs in Manitoba and in a report on the supply of this fuel available in that province states that there are bogs in the Winnipeg river district containing 1,800,000 tons of peat fuel, 35 per cent moisture.

## HAPPY IN POVERTY

Former Theatrical Star Ends Restless Search.

Kaleidoscopic Career of May Yohs, Once Feted Favorite of Two Continents, Bids Fair to Have Unconventional Ending.

Searching for happiness, conventionally and unconventionally, along the gilt edge of the world, Madcap May Yohs, once darling of royalty, has found it at last as the wife of a workman amid humble surroundings, herself a janitress. She has found it in work, in service and in self-satisfaction.

It is as Mrs. John Smuts that the tempestuous theatrical star of yesterday has added a bright chapter to the life that led the American girl to an English peerage at eighteen, into troublesome days of escape, through heart-breaking years and decline of fame, into marriage again and adventures in far lands. All in the restless search for love.

At the end of her kaleidoscopic career she is now in Seattle, knowing poverty and the meaning of toil, and she says she's found what she's hunted for a lifetime in the man who loves her and is good to her.

Twenty years ago May Yohs had the theatrical world at her feet. She became Lady Francis Hope, mistress of the great blue Hope diamond, jewel of ill omen. As such she was the petted favorite of aristocracy and of King Edward VII.

Then she listened to the blandishments of Capt. Putnam Bradley Strong, son of the then mayor of New York, and seeking happiness unconventionally went away with him. The adventure brought only sorrow and disappointment.

Striving to regain her lost glory, she stood again before a London audience in 1913, and London forgave her and took her back into its heart with a roaring welcome as in the older days of song and dance and youthful allurements.

Having accomplished that she became the bride of Capt. John Smuts, cousin of Gen. Jan Smuts of Boer war fame, and himself an officer in that war. She quit the stage and accompanied him to South Africa, to Singapore, to India, China and Japan.

Coming to America a year or so ago, in the hope that he would get a commission in the British army, Captain Smuts went to work in a Seattle shipyard when his application was turned down and ready funds were not available.

It was there he developed influenza and the woman who had once swayed the spotlight world went to work as janitress to earn their daily bread. As worker and nurse she battled desperately for his life—and won.

"Won the greatest happiness I have ever known," she said, "as well as the life of my dear husband."

When Captain Smuts resumed work in the shipyards after his illness he "lashed" May Yohs to keeping house in their one-room apartment, where they are living today.

Their financial straits were explained by Mrs. Smuts as due to red tape that prevented access to estate moneys, and to the fact that Captain Smuts, a judge and barrister in South Africa, knew no one in America.

"When Jack became ill they asked me jokingly at the shipyards if I wanted a job. I accepted it seriously. The only place open was for a janitress, and I took it."

"Things are brighter now. I still have my Jack, we're going to get some money soon, and if we don't go to England we'll start a little chicken ranch near the city here. Meantime, what more could one wish for?"

### The Day Came at Last.

Special permission to accompany the French armies into Strasbourg was asked by Captain Denhardt, grandson of Baron Frodo, prefect of Strasbourg during the war of 1870. At the time of the old city's bombardment the cathedral belfry was struck, and from the debris the prefect secured a piece of granite, and instructed his children that whenever the day of liberation came they should take the stone back and present it to the authorities of the town. Carefully kept during the 24 years, it was to be returned to Strasbourg by Captain Denhardt on the very day of the entry of the French troops.—Christian Science Monitor.

### How U-Boats Were Trapped.

One of the novel devices adopted by the British for the co-ordination of the efforts of trawlers and submarines has just been divulged. A trawler would drag a submarine by a cable and maintain communication with it by telephone. When the trawler sighted a German U-boat the British submarine would slip its cable and attack the German boat before the surprised Germans could submerge or prepare to give fight.

### Attire.

"Is your boy Josh particular about his clothes?"

"I should say he is," answered Farmer Cornfossel. "Since he put off his uniform he'd rather wear overalls than one of them high-waisted overcoats."

### The Worse the Better.

Grocer—I can't guarantee those 60-cent eggs, madam.

Customer—No matter; I want 'em for when the neighbors come borrowing.—Boston Transcript.

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### COL. DENHARDT IS HOME; UNDECIDED ON ENTERING RACE

Lieut. Col. H. H. Denhardt, tired and travel-worn from his duties during the war, passed through Louisville Sunday on his way to his home in Bowling Green. Col. Denhardt was commander of the ship which brought back a large number of returning troops. He did not get off the train in Louisville, but was met by Robert Lee Page, who talked with him concerning the war and the likelihood of him entering the race for Governor in the Democratic party.

Col. Denhardt told Mr. Page he would not enter the race for Governor unless there was a popular demand from the masses of the people. He said he would confer with his friends over the State and if there was a genuine and popular demand for him to make the race he might consider the proposition.

While Col. Denhardt had aged a bit from his strenuous work overseas, he looked physically fit to enter the political lists. Col. Denhardt during the fighting overseas was

decorated for heroism on the field of battle on three different occasions.

### TERRIBLE STORM FRIDAY NIGHT 14TH INST.

This storm did considerable good at the home of Eld. W. H. Brown. The cause—it being my birthday. While sitting in my home conversing with my family we heard a great roar of many voices singing. We will understand it better bye and bye. My wife hastily lighted the front part of our home and the door was opened and a crowd of 53 marched in singing, being led by our good Brother W. H. Dyson, into our dining room. The table was found and they began to place on it, all kinds of foodstuff and dainties given by 100 persons and then came handkerchiefs, socks, neckties, and shirts, and currency and silver to the amount of \$27.25 up to now, how thankful we were for these good things. After having served these good people for 26 years as there pastor, they still love me and family and respect us highly. My wife and

little daughter join me in tending our sincere thanks to our friends.

W. H. BROWN,  
Pastor of High St. Christian Church.

The Advocate for printing

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